

The New-York Saturday Press.

VOL. II.—NO. 46.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 12, 1859.

PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR.

The N. Y. Saturday Press,

A JOURNAL OF THE TIMES,

Every Saturday Morning.

AT NO. 9 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

TERMS: \$2.00 a year; Five Cents a single number.

Subscriptions: Copies will be sent to any part of the Union on the receipt of five cents in postage stamps.

HENRY CLAPP, Jr.,

Editor and Publisher.

BRANCH OFFICE OF THE N. Y. SATURDAY PRESS AT BROWN'S BOOKSTORE, No. 27 Broadway, where Subscriptions Communications, Advertisements, &c., will be received.

The Saturday Press Book-List.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 12, 1859.

Of course, no reader and no critic can ever get to the bottom of the job of *New Books*. Perhaps Mr. Clapp, in his *Saturday Press*, does most wisely by merely naming them in attractive print. The title of a new book, printed in early type, is a very valuable notice. *HARPER'S WEEKLY*, Nov. 12, 1859.

NEW BOOKS.

AMERICAN.

THEOLOGICAL, RELIGIOUS, ETC.

The Crisis of Unitarianism in Boston, as Connected with the Twenty-Eighth Congregational Society; with some account of the origin and decline of that organization. By A. Lockwood. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

A Sermon of Old Age. By Theodore Parker. Fraternity Edition. Gt. Boston: H. W. Sweet & Co.

Select Sermons Preached in the Broadway Church. By E. H. Chapin, D.D. N. Y.: New York: Henry Lyon.

MEDICAL.

Flint on Diseases of the Heart. 1 vol., 8vo. Philadelphia: Blane and Lea.

Parish's Practical Pharmacy. New and enlarged edition. 1 vol., 8vo., of about 700 pages. Philadelphia: Blane and Lea.

Halderon on Diseases of the Alimentary Canal. 1 vol., 8vo. Philadelphia: Blane and Lea.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A History of the New York National Guard, the Celebrated Seventh Regiment, from the Day of its Organization down to the Present Time—giving a full and accurate account of their Public Services, of their Encampments and Parades, of the Peculiarities of their Tactics and Drill, and other valuable information of interest alike to the Soldier and to the military reader. The whole compiled from authentic sources, and covering the transactions of more than thirty years. With numerous illustrations. New York: Dunsen & Co., 1859.

Principles and Practice of Embanking Lands from River Floods, as Applied to "Levees on the Mississippi." By William H. Brown, Civil Engineer. N. Y., cloth \$2. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

ENGLISH.

NOVELS, TALES, ETC.

Coming Events Cast their Shadows Before. In 2 vols., 8vo. London: Newby.

Glad Tidings: a Tale. 1 vol., 4s. London: Newby.

The Great Experiment. By the author of "The Stumble on the Threshold." 3 vols. London: Newby.

My Country Neighbors. By Miss Stretton. 1 vol., 10s. 6d. London: Newby.

The Home and the Priest. By Signor Volpe, author of "Memoirs of an Ex-Capuchin," etc. 3 vols., 31s. 6d. London: Newby.

The Count de Perleberg: a Historical Novel. 2 vols., 21s. London: Newby.

Itty Westminster. London: Newby.

The Rose and the Lotus: or, Home in India. By the Wife of a Bengal Civilian. Part 8vo, 6d. London: Lily & Dally.

The Lily of Devon. By C. F. Armstrong, Esq., author of "The Two Bachelors," "The Medora," "The Warhawk," "The Two Buccaneers," etc. In 3 vols., 31s. 6d. London: Newby.

Rocks and Shoals. By Captain Lovey. 2 vols., 21s. London: Charles Westcott.

POETRY.

The Lone House. A Poem. Partly Founded on Fact. By Charles Fairbanks. Pamphlet, pp. 15. Halifax: James Brown & Son.

TRAVELS, ETC.

My First Travels: including Rides in the Pyrenees, Scenes during an Expedition at Avignon, Sketches in France and Savoy, Visits to Convents and Houses of Charity, etc. By Selma Punbury. In 2 vols., 10s. 6d. London: Newby.

An Autumn in Sicily, Austria Proper, and the Ober-Ebene. By the author of "Travels in Bohemia." 1 vol., 10s. 6d. London: Newby.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Belier de Bonemont on Hallucinations: a History and Explanation of Apparitions, Visions, Dreams, Ecstasies, Magnetics, and Somnambulism. Translated from the French by Robert T. Hulme, F.R.S., M.R.C.S. 7s. 6d. London: Henry Boush.

Our Plague Spot. In connection with our Polity and Progress as regards our Women, our Soldiers, and the Indian Empire. In 1 vol., 10s. 6d. London: Newby.

Spiritualism and the Age we Live In. By Catherine Crowe, author of "The Night-Side of Nature," etc. 1 vol., 5s. London: Newby.

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India: being Extracts from the Letters of the late Major W. S. R. Hudson, R.A., Trinity College, Cambridge; First Bengal European Fusiliers, Commandant of Hudson's Home. Including a Personal Narrative of the Siege of Delhi and Capture of the King and Prince. Edited by his brother, the Rev. George H. Hudson, M.A., Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. From the Third and enlarged Edition. 12mo, pp. 444. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

NOVELS.

Tom Brown at Oxford. A Sequel to "School Days at Rugby." Part I. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Self-Education: or, The Means and Art of Moral Progress. Translated from the French of M. de Baron Legendre. By Elizabeth F. Peabody. Third Edition, with additions. 1 vol., 12mo, \$1.25. Boston: T. O. P. Burnham.

American Notes. By Charles Dickens, Esq. 8vo, paper, pp. 104, 50cts. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

BOOKS IN PRESS.

T. O. P. BURNHAM, BOSTON.

The Life of Sir Philip Sydney. With Illustrated Notes. By William Gray, Esq., of Magdalen College, and the Inner Temple.

Apelles and his Contemporaries: a Novel. By the author of "Ernest Carroll."

Broad China, and Other Poems. By George Coleman the younger.

C. M. SAKTON, BARKER & CO., NEW YORK.

An Overland Journey from New York to San Francisco. By Horace Greeley.

The Patient and Physician's Aid. By E. M. Hunt, M.A., M.D.

Rustic Adornments for Homes of Taste. By Shirley Hilliard.

PERKINPINE & HIGGINS, PHILADELPHIA.

Bengel's Gnomon of the New Testament, pointing out from the Natural Force of the Words, the Simplicity, Depth, Harmony, and Saving Power of its Divine Thoughts. Edited by Charles T. Lewis, A.M., Professor of Pure Mathematics in Troy University. 2 vols., 8vo, pp. 800 each.

WALKER, WISE & CO., BOSTON.

The Life of Christ. By Carl Hase, Professor of Theology at Jena. Translated from the German of the Third Improved Edition, by James Freeman Clarke. Dissertations and Notes on the Gospels—Matthew. By Rev. John H. Morison, D.D.

Woman's Right to Labor; or, Low Wages and Hard Work. By Mrs. C. H. Dall.

TICKNOR & FIELDS, BOSTON.

Capt. McIntosh's Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin, and the Voyage of the Steam-Yacht Fox, in the Arctic Sea.

Self-Help. By Samuel Smiles, author of the "Life of George Stephenson."

A. WILLIAMS & CO., BOSTON.

An Answer to Mr. Douglas on Popular Sovereignty and the Slavery Question: The Just Supremacy of Congress over the Territories. By George Ticknor Curtis.

GOULD & LINCOLN, BOSTON.

Lectures on Logic. By Sir William Hamilton.

Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1860. By D. A. Wells, Esq.

The Puritans. Second Volume. By Samuel Hopkins.

The Christian Graces. By Rev. William Hall.

ROBERT CARTER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

Haste to the Rescue; or, Work While it is Day. Intuitions of the Mind Inductively Investigated. By James McCosh, D.D.

Lilly on Theology.

Dr. Butler's Lectures on Theologians.

The Life of Richard Knill.

Original Poetry.

THE MERRY MONARCH.

(BEING A BACHELOR'S REVERIE.)

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

I sometimes think, in a gentle mood,
When the world without and the world within
Are quiet and happy, and all is good,
With never a thought nor a whisper of sin,
If the gods would but grant me my dearest desire—
Which truly I think they're inclining to do—
That I shouldn't sit here, looking into the fire,
And thinking, dear girl, as I'm thinking of you.

For, if to my wishing the gods would respond,—
And they might, for they're certainly inclined to hear—
It isn't the maiden's delicious and fond—
No, it isn't the sweet little Lilly I'd choose:
You love me? Ah, yes—as at least you say:
'Twas a day or two since—but I know right well
That a maiden can't tell till she's learned the way.
As a child can't read till it's learned to spell.

Nor should I be thinking, as sometimes I am—
If the gods had meant me to be a monk—
That a place of power in this world of sham
Were a very suitable place for me.
Nor would I be striving with heart and brain
To win the laurel that poets wear—
The doubtful garden for years of pain
And a sorry exchange for the natural hair!

No, I should not care, if I had my way,
For storm or sunshine, for joy or no;
But, quietly careless and perfectly gay,
I should let the world go as it would go.
I would ask neither riches, nor place, nor power—
They're chances that happen, and there are end;
But a heart that beats merrily every hour
Is a god's best gift, is a man's best friend!

And that's what I'd have, if I had my own way—
A heart so merry and brilliant and bright,
It should gladden with sunshine the sunniest day,
And with magical splendor illumine the night.
I could envy no potentate under the sun,
However sublime might that potentate be;
For I'd live the illustrious Monarch of Fun,
And the rest of the world should be happy with me.

I'd be gold in the sunshine and silver in showers,
I'd have rainbows and clouds all of purple and pearl;
And the fairies of fun should laugh out of the flowers,
And the jolly old earth should be all in a whirl!
The brinks should thrill music, the leaves dance with joy,
Oh, but wouldn't I be a tempestuous boy,
If the gods would but grant me my kingdom to-night!

But they won't. Here I am; quiet, lonely, and blue,
Looking into the fire—an odd little elf—
And wondering what upon earth I shall do
To drive off the phantoms that come to myself.
It's a strange mood, my dear; but you mustn't be sad
If it isn't devotional; sometimes, you know,
When we talk very wildly and seem very bad,
It is only for show, love, it's only for show.

But I think it will come, that succession of mine,
And the joy with the rules of gaiety set!
That crown in my soul shall be something divine
When I finally teach myself how to forget!
Forget all of sorrow in which I've a part,
All the dreams that allure and the hopes that betray—
Contented to wait with a right merry heart
For a home and a grave at the end of the play.

DEAD.

BY W. D. HOWELLA.

Something is in the room
Over against my own;
The windows are lit with a ghastly bloom
Of candles burning alone—
Unattended and all alone
In the ghastly silence there!

People go by the door,
Tiptoe, holding their breath,
And hush the talk that they held before.
And they should wake dead,
That is awake all night
There in the candlelight!

The cat upon the stairs
Watches with flamy eye
For the sleep who shall unawares
Let her go stealing by.
She softly, softly purrs,
And claws at the banisters.

The bird from out its dream
Breaks with a sudden song
That stabs the sense like a sudden arrow:
The bound the whole night long
Howls to the moon in sky,
So far, and starry, and high.

—Wagner, the musical composer of Vienna, died last month from an accidental discharge of his gun, while out shooting.

THE WAYWARD HEART.

INITIATED FROM ALFRED DE MUZY.

Oh! I said to my heart, to my wayward heart,
Canst not be true to one?
To change each hour
From flower to flower
Is waste of the morning sun.
My heart replied, I would not be true
To a single flower, whatever its hue;
Changing each day with the changing year
Benders the joys of the past more dear.
Oh! I said to my heart, to my wayward heart,
Have we not journeyed long
Enough and more,
To feel full sore
Our pathway's course is wrong?
My heart replied, I would not turn back,
To trudge on country's hum-drum track;
Changing each day with the changing year
Benders the joys of the past more dear.
—The Widom's Guest.

GOLDSTREAM.

BY HERBERT VAUGHAN.

A large party is assembled to celebrate the feast of St. Partridge at Ravelstone Hall, an old country-house about two miles distant from the northwest coast of Devon. The various branches of English Society are very fairly represented by its component parts. There are two peers, three members of the lower house, some Guardsmen, some undergraduates, a clergyman, and a lieutenant in the navy. But our hero is not a representative man; yet he belongs to a class which, called into existence by the accumulated wealth of the nineteenth century, is ever on the increase.

Frederick Tyrawley resembles Sir Charles Goldstream, inasmuch as he has been everywhere, and done everything; but he is by no means used up, and can still take an interest in whatever his hand finds to do. Nor is his everything everybody else's everything. It is not bounded by Jerusalem and the pyramids.

Mr. Tyrawley has fought in more than one State of South America, and has wandered for more than two years from Isle to Isle of the Pacific. A mysterious reputation hovers round him. He is supposed to have done many things, but no one is very clear what they are; and it is not likely that much information on the point will be obtained from him, for he seldom talks much, and never speaks of himself. His present mission appears to be to kill partridges, play cricket, and dress himself. Not that it must be supposed that he has ever been in the habit of wearing less clothing than the custom of the country in which he may have been located required; but only that at the present time he devoted much attention to buff waistcoats and game neckties, braided coats, and curled mustaches.

Such as he is, however, he is an object of interest to the feminine portion of the party at Ravelstone Hall, for he is rich and handsome, as well as mysterious, and he cannot be more than two-and-thirty. And the ladies at Ravelstone outnumbered the men: for although it is still rare for the fair sex to participate actively in the sports of the partridge-god, they will always be found hovering in considerable numbers on the outskirts of the feast: and the varieties of the British lady are fairly represented.

These few young women with daughters to marry, and there are some daughters with a mamma to prevent marrying again, which is, perhaps, the most difficult thing of the two, as she has an income in her own right. There are blondes and brunettes, and pretty, brown-haired, brown-eyed girls who hover between the two orders, and combine the most dangerous characteristics of both, who can wear both blue and pink, and who look prettier in the one color than they do in the other; but who always command your suffrage in favor of that which they are wearing when you look at them.

And there is Constance Baynton with grey eyes and black hair. And the nicest critic of feminine appearance might be defied to state what she had worn, half an hour after he left her; for no one can ever look at anything except her face.

Yet Constance is three-and-twenty, and still unmarried. Alas, what coward men are! The fact is that Constance is a very clever; but as Mrs. Mellish (the widow) says, "not clever enough to hide it."

Is she a little vexed at her present condition? Certainly she does not exhibit any tendency to carry out Mrs. Mellish's suggestion, if it has ever been repeated to her. The young men are more afraid of her than ever; and certainly she does say very sharp things, sometimes. Especially she is severe upon idlers, the butterflies of fashionable existence. She appears to consider that she has a special mission to arouse them; but they do not appear to like being lectured. With the young ladies she is a great favorite, for she is very affectionate; and though so beautiful and distinguished, she has proved herself to be not so dangerous a rival as might have been expected. Indeed, it has happened, more than once, that male admiration, rebounded from the hard surface of her manner, has found more yielding metal in the bosoms of her particular friends. Besides, she is always ready to lead the van in the general attack upon the male sex, when the ladies retire to the drawing-room.

Not that she ever says anything behind their backs she would not be ready to repeat to their faces; but in that course probably she would not meet with such general support.

In Mr. Tyrawley she affected to disbelieve. She stated as her opinion to her intimate friends, that she didn't believe he ever had done, or ever would do anything worth doing; but that he plumed himself on a cheap reputation, which, as all were ignorant of its foundation, no one could possibly impugn.

There is reason to believe that in this instance Miss Constance was not as conscientious as usual, but that she really entertained a higher opinion of the gentleman than she chose to confess. He certainly was not afraid of her, and had even dared to contradict her favorite theory of the general worthlessness of English gentlemen of the nineteenth century. It was one wet morning when she had been reading Scott to three or four of her particular friends, and it must be confessed that she read remarkably well,—that she began to lament the decline of chivalry. Tyrawley was sitting little at him. At any rate he chose to accept the challenge.

"I can't agree with you, Miss Baynton," he said. "It is true we no longer wear ladies' gloves in our helmets, nor do we comport ourselves as individuals, who possibly may have sweethearts of their own, to admit the superiority of our ladylove at the point of the lance; but of all that was good in chivalry, of courage, truth, honor, enterprise, self-sacrifice, you will find as much in the nineteenth century as in the twelfth."

He brightened up as he spoke, and it was quite evident that he believed what he said, a circumstance which always gives an advantage to a disponent. More than one pair of bright eyes smiled approval, and Miss Constance saw a probability of a defection from her ranks. She changed her tactics.

"You are too moderate in your claims for your contemporaries, Mr. Tyrawley. If I remember right, modesty has always been considered a qualification of a true knight."

"I am not ashamed to speak the truth," he replied;

"your theory would have been more tenable before the days of the Crusades and the Indian mutiny; but the men who lit their cigars in the trenches of the Crimea, and who carried the gale of Delhi, may bear comparison with Bayard, or Cœur de Lion."

"Oh! I do not allude to our soldiers," said she. "Of course, I know they are brave; but,—and here she hesitated a moment, till possibly piqued because her usual success had not attended her in the passage of the subject, she concluded,—but to our life gentlemen, who seem to have no heart for anything."

Tyrawley smiled. Possibly you may judge too much by the outside," he said. "I am inclined to fancy that some of those whom you are pleased to call life gentlemen would be found to have heart enough for anything that honor, or duty, or even chivalry, could find them to do."

"I hope you are right," said Miss Constance, with a slightly perceptible curl of her upper lip, which implied that she did not think so.

Tyrawley bowed, and the conversation terminated a few minutes afterwards; when he had left the room, the conversation of the young ladies was interrupted by Master George Baynton, aged fourteen, who suddenly attacked his sister.

"I think you are wrong, you know, when you call Tyrawley a humbug."

"My dear," said Constance, with a start, "I never said anything so rude."

"Well, you implied it, you know, in your girl's words, and I think you make a mistake; for he can shoot like one o'clock, never misses a thing, and I have seen him in his prime when he came down; but he is improving every day. You should have seen the hit he made yesterday—right up to the cedar."

"Do you think there is nothing else for a man to do, but ride, and shoot, and play cricket?"

"Oh! that's all very well; but you should hear what Mr. Merton, our second master says; and a great brick he is, too. 'Whatever you do, do it as well as you can, whether it's cricket or verses.' And I believe if Tyrawley had to fight, he'd go in and win, and no mistake."

"Ah!—said Constance, with a sigh, 'he has evidently—what is it you boys call it?—tipped you, isn't it?'"

Indignant at this insult, George walked off to find his friend, and have a lesson in billiards.

The day lingered on, after the usual fashion of wet days in September in full country-houses. There was a little dancing after dinner; but all retired early in hopes of a finer day on the morrow.

Tyrawley had some letters to write, so that it was not two before he thought of going to bed. He always slept with his window open, and as he threw up the sash, a fierce gust of wind blew out his candles, and blew down the looking-glass.

"Pleasant, by Jove!" he soliloquized. "I wonder whether it smashed—unlucky to break a looking-glass. I'm hanged if I know where the matches are; never mind; I can find my way to bed in the dark. What a night!" as a flash of lightning illumined the room for a moment, and he bent out of the window. "The wind must be about north-west. Cheerful for anything coming up to Bristol from the southward. I wonder what a storm is like on this coast. I have a great mind to go and see. I shall never be able to get that hall-door open without waking them up; what a nuisance! Stay, capital idea! I'll go by the window."

Before starting on his expedition, he changed the remains of his evening dress for he had been writing in his dressing-gown for a flannel shirt and trousers, whilst a short pea-jacket and gaiters had completely his array. His room was on the first-floor, and he had intended to drop from the window-sill; but the branch of an elm came so near, he found that unnecessary, as springing to it he was on the ground, like a cat, in an instant. He soon found his way across country "like a bird," to the edge of the cliff. The sea for miles seemed one sheet of foam.

But a flash of lightning discovered a group of figures about the quarter of a mile distant; and he distinguished shouts in the intervals of the storm.

He was soon amongst them, and he found that all eyes were turned on a vessel which had struck on a rock within two hundred yards of the cliff. It was evident that she would go to pieces under their very eyes.

"Is there no way of opening communication with her?" he asked of an old coast-guard man.

"Why yes, sir, we have sent to Bilford for Manby's rockets; but she must break up before they come."

"How far is it to Bilford?"

"Better than seven miles, your honor."

"If we could get a rope to them, we might save the crew."

"Every one of them, your honor; but it ain't possible."

"I think a man might swim out."

"The first wave would dash him to pieces against the cliff."

"What depth of water below?"

"The cliff goes down like a wall, forty fathom, at least."

"The deeper the better. What distance to the water?"

"A good fifty feet."

"Well, I have dived off the main-yard of the Chesapeake. Now listen to me. Have you got some light, strong rope?"

"As much as you like."

"Well, take a double coil round my chest, and do you take care to pay it out fast enough as I draw upon it."

"You won't draw much after the first plunge; it will be the same thing as suicide, every bit."

"Well, we shall see. There's no time to be lost: lend me a knife."

And in an instant he whipped off his hat, boots, and pea-jacket; then with the knife he cut off his sleeves and passed the rope through them, that it might catch him.

The eyes of the old boatman brightened. There was evidently a method in his madness. "You are a very good swimmer, I suppose, sir?"

"I have dived through the surf at Nukuhiva a few times."

"I never knew a white man that could do that," Tyrawley smiled. "But whatever you do," he said, "mind and let me have plenty of rope. Now out of the way, my friends, and let me have a clear start."

He walked slowly to the edge of the cliff, looked over to see how much the rock shelved upwards; then returned, looked to see that there was plenty of rope for him to carry out, then took a short run, and leaped as if from the spring-board of a plunging-bath. He touched the water full five-and-twenty feet from the edge of the cliff. Down into its dark depth he went, like a plummet, but soon to rise again. As he reached the surface he saw the crest of a mighty wave a few yards in front of him—the wave that he had been told was to dash him lifeless against the cliff. But now his old experience of the Pacific stands him in good stead. For two moments he draws breath, then, ere it reaches him, he dives below its centre. The

water dashes against the cliff, but the swimmer rises beyond it. A faint cheer rises from the shore as they feel him draw upon the rope. The waves follow in succession, and he dives again and again, rising like an otter to take breath, making very steadily onward, though more below the water than above it.

We must now turn to the ship. The waves have made a clean breach over her bows. The crew are crowded upon the stern. They hold on to the bulwarks, and await the end, for no boat can live in such a sea. Suddenly she is hailed from the waters.

"Ship a-hoy!" shouts a loud clear voice, which makes itself heard above the storm. "Throw me a rope of a buoy!" The life-boat was still hanging in its accustomed place by the mainmast. The captain almost mechanically takes it down, and with well-directed aim throws it within a yard or two of the swimmer. In a moment it is under his arms, and in half a minute he is on board.

"Come on board, sir," he says to the captain, pulling one of his wet curls professionally. The captain appeared to be regarding him as a visitor from the lower world; so, turning to the crew, he lifted up the rope he had brought from the shore. Then for the first time the object of his mission flashed upon their minds, and a desperate cheer broke forth from all hands, instantly reechoed from the shore. Then a strong cable is attached to the small rope and drawn on board—then a second—and the communication is complete.

But no time is to be lost, for the stern shows signs of breaking up, and there is a lady passenger. Whilst the captain is planning a sort of chair in which she might be moved, Tyrawley lifts her up on his left arm, steads himself with his right by the upper rope, and walks along the lower as if he had been a dancer. He is the first on shore, for no sailor would leave till the lady was safe. But they soon follow, and in five minutes the ship is clear—five minutes more, and no trace of her is left.

Ravelstone Hall has been aroused by the news of the wreck, and Mr. Ravelstone has just arrived with brandy and blankets. Him Ty

A benevolent society in the South of France, desiring to have an ode written in praise of wine, to be set to music, offers a prize, and assists the muse by the following directions:

The ode is to be in seven verses—1st, the plantation of the vine; 2d, its culture; 3d, the grape gathering; 4th, the pressing and fermentation; 5th, the barrel-lug; 6th, the forwarding of the wine by water, and its advantages; 7th, the effects of wine on the health.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Times states that a pamphlet is in press, with the following title: "Remarks on Popular Sovereignty, as Maintained and Denied respectively by Judge Douglas and Attorney-General Black." By a Southern Citizen.

It is understood that the author is the Hon. Beverly Johnson, of Baltimore, formerly Whip Attorney-General of the United States, and one of the counsel for the chairman in the Dred Scott case.

A new weekly paper is about to be started in this city. Mr. William Goodell, under the title of "The Principles: First Principles in Religion, Morals, Government, and the Economy of Life."

The *Cincinnati Enquirer* suggests that the *Ledger* print the balance of Mr. Everett's "Mount Vernon Papers" in its next issue, in order that the public may skip them all at once.

The first of the Kane Monument Lectures will be delivered at the Academy of Music on Saturday, the 26th inst., by Governor Banks, of Massachusetts. For the other lectures of the course, see advertisement.

The New York Tribune will commence, next week, the publication of "A Practical System of Cookery, by an American Housewife"—teaching folks "how to boil, fry, and roast meats, and to cook vegetables, and to make desserts, in the most palatable, rational, and wholesome manner."

The Emperor of the French is said to have completed a new work under the title of *Histoire des sciences*.

New MSS. of Swedenborg's writings, containing sketches of his journey in Holland in 1743, and several of his mystical speculations, have been discovered in Stockholm.

The *Memoirs*, Appleton advertise, as now ready, "A History of the Four Georges; containing personal incidents of their lives, public events of their reigns, and biographical notices of their chief ministers, courtiers, and favorites. By Samuel M. Schuckler, LL.D., author of 'Court and Reign of Catherine II.,' etc., etc."

Mr. Newby, London, has just published a new book, by Mrs. Crowe, author of the "Night-Side of Nature," entitled "Spiritualism and the Age we Live in."

The first number of Thackeray's new periodical will be published in London on the 31st of December next. The name—the most difficult of all things to express—is not yet announced.

Messrs. A. Williams & Co., Boston, announce a work entitled "An Answer to Mr. Douglas on Popular Sovereignty and the Slavery Question: The Just Supremacy of Congress over the Territories. By George Ticknor Curtis."

The *Christian Examiner*, for November, contains the following articles: Kindergarten of Germany; Recent Aspects of Atheism in England; Politics of Early Rome; Literature of the Legends of King Arthur; French Preachers; Dr. Furness's Word to Unitarians; Review of Current Literature.

We learn through a friend of Mr. Yeaton that the original copy of Mr. Everett's "Eulogy on Webster," has been presented by the distinguished orator to Mr. Hall, the wife of Thomas Hall the sculptor, to be disposed of at the fair to be held in Boston on the 10th of November, in aid of the Fund for the purchase of Mr. Hall's equestrian statue of Washington.

The library of the American Institute, devoted to agriculture, manufactures, commerce, and the arts, and containing about 10,000 volumes, was opened at the Cooper Institute last Tuesday week.

The seventh volume of the Pennsylvania Historical Society's Collections is in press, and will be issued the coming Winter.

The admirers of Sir Bulwer Lytton will be glad to learn the several divisions into which he has thrown the forthcoming literary edition of his works. His forty-three volumes will be divided into four sections: 1. The Caxton Novels. 2. Historical Romances. 3. Romances. 4. Novels of Life and Manners.

The first volume of a new edition of the Works of Leibnitz, dedicated to the King of Hanover, has appeared at Paris. The edition contains many hitherto unpublished writings of the celebrated philosopher, which were discovered in the State archives of Hanover.

T. O. H. P. Burnham, Boston, has in press "The Life of Sir Philip Sidney," with illustrative notes by William Gray, Esq., of Magdalen College, and the Inner Temple.

The following characteristic protestation of Bunyan in respect to the authorship of "The Pilgrim's Progress" (so recently called in question again), appeared as an "Advertisement to the Reader," prefixed to his "Holy War," which was published in 1682:

Some say "The Pilgrim's Progress" is not mine, insinuating as if I would shine in name and fame by the worth of another, like some made rich by robbing of his brother; it is as if I said I am of being alive, I'll father bastards; or, if need require, I'll tell a lie in print to get applause.

I own it: John such dirt-beg never was since I did converted him. Let this suffice to show why I say "Pilgrim" patronize:

It came from mine own heart, so to my head, And thence into my fingers trickled; Then to my pen, from whence immediately On paper I did dribble it daintily.

Manner and matter, too, was all mine own; Nor was it unto any mortal known; Till I had done it; nor did any hold. By looks, by words, by tongue, or hand, or pen, And half a world to it, or wrote half a line.

Thereof, the whole, and every whill is mine. Also for that, mine eye is now upon. The matter in this manner came from none, But the same heart, and head, fingers, and pen. As did the other. Witness all good men; For none in all the world, without a lie, Can say that this is mine, excepting I;

I write not this of any ostentation, Nor cause I seek of men their commendation; I do it to keep them from such error, As tempt them with my name to scandalize; Witness then my name, if anagram'd to thee, The letters make—"No hoary in a B."

JOHN BUNYAN.

The laws of the State of New York provide that every married woman who obtains a patent for her own invention, pursuant to the laws of the United States, may hold and enjoy the same, and all the benefits, proceeds and profits thereof, to her own separate use, free and independent of her husband and his creditors. The statute also authorizes her to transfer and sell the patent, entirely "on her own hook."

Mr. H. Poole, who was sent by the Foreign Office (England) to the Dead Sea, to search for nitre, which was reported to occur there, has returned without success.

Corporation Notice.
You are getting too fat, old fellow!

"The Wife's Secret"
Her opinion of her husband.

Mr. Lowe's Last Word to his Friends.
As Rescuer!

The Child's Greatest Foe.
Defoe.

Subjects of the Day.
Algerians.

The Greatest Virtue in a Sea-Captain.
Wreck-logs.

Question for the Tribune.

What has become of Pike's Peak?

"The Wise and the Otherwise."

Governor Wise and his Son.

The Election—Additional Returns.

The return home of the disappointed candidates.

Apologies to Thanksgiving.

Mr. O'Connell announces that he has prepared a lecture on Turkey.

A Timely Suggestion.

"Tempus" suggests that the difference between the imported and the American watch is that the former owes its success to *faith*, and the latter to *good works*.

Hope Deferred.

Latest News.

Spain has declared her readiness to supply Morocco with any quantity of Leather.

A Book for the Million.

Astor's tank-book.

Salty.

Apologies of the late violent storm in England, the papers say: "The Great Eastern rode it out well." For the effluvia of the unattractive reader, we must explain that she rode it on a horse, sir.

A Lucky Friday.

Yesterday, the 11th of November, by a wonderful coincidence, was the birthday anniversary of Professor the cricket, Aldrich the peck, and H. C. Jr., ye oldest man.—Donations thankfully received.

Pickpocket's Motto.

When found take a note of.

New Name for Panama.

Gallic Cock-neys.

De Gustibus, etc.

Jenkins, on being asked how he liked *old paintings*, replied that having seen Page's Venus, he had a decided preference for the said.

A New Jo.

Jo. Cose defines *factious* people as people who know how to keep their thoughts "where the flies can't get at them."

Small Families.

"Malthus" writes us, in great concern of mind, to know what is meant by the sign which he sees in various parts of the city: "Families supplied by the quest."

Vita Brevis.

At a recent execution in Kentucky the clergyman of the occasion prayed that all present might be duly impressed with the "shortness of human life."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Received at the Office of The Saturday Press.
For the Week ending November 12, 1859.

Twelve Years of a Soldier's Life in India. Being Extracts from the Letters of the late Major W. R. H. Hodson, B.A., Trinity College, Cambridge; First Bengal European Fusiliers, Commandant of Hodson's Horse. Including a Personal Narrative of the Siege of Delhi and Capture of the King and Prince. Edited by his brother, the Rev. George H. Hodson, M.A., Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. From the third and enlarged English edition. 12mo. pp. 444. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1860.

Fables of La Fontaine. Illustrated by J. J. Grandville. Translated from the French, by Eliza Wright, Jr. 12mo, 2 vols. pp. 246-248. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860.

Corinne; or, Italy. By Madame de Staël. Translated by Isabel Hill; with Metrical Versions of the Odes by L. E. Landon. 12mo. pp. 896. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860.

The Henriad, with the Battle of Fontenoy, Dissertations on Man, Law of Nature, Destruction of Lisbon, Temple of Taste, and Temple of Friendship. From the French of M. de Voltaire; with notes from all the Commentaries. Edited by O. W. Wright, A.M. 12mo. pp. 407. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860.

The Thoughts, Letters, and Opuscles of Blaise Pascal; Translated from the French by O. W. Wright, A.M.; with Introductory Notices, and notes from all the Commentaries. 12mo. pp. 832. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860.

The Martyrs. By M. de Chateaubriand. A Revised Translation. Edited by O. W. Wright, A.M. 12mo. pp. 481. New York: Derby & Jackson. 1860.

American Notes. By Charles Dickens. 6mo, paper, pp. 104. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bro's. 1859.

The Lotus. Edited by Annie Chambers Ketchum. Vol. 1, No. 4. Memphis, Tenn.: D. D. Stickney & Co. 1859.

Dismore's American Railroad and Steam-Navigation Guide for the United States and Canada. November, 1859. New York: Dismore & Co.

A History of the New York National Guard—the celebrated Seventh Regiment—from the Day of its Organization down to the Present Time—giving a full and accurate Account of their Public Services, of their Accomplishments and important Parades, of the Peculiarities of their Tactics and Drill, and other valuable information of interest alike to the soldier and uninitiated reader; the whole compiled from authentic sources, and covering the transactions of more than thirty years. With numerous illustrations. 4to, pp. 68. New York: Dismore & Co. 1860.

The Banker's Magazine and Statistical Register. Edited by J. Smith Homans, Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of the State of New York. November, 1859. New York: J. Smith Homans, Jr.

Youth's Bible Studies. Part VI. The Acts, Epistles, and Revelation. 18mo. pp. 246. New York: American Tract Society. 1860.

Wild Scenes on the Frontiers; or, Heroes of the West. By Emerson Bennett, author of "Clara Mowland," "Prairie Flower," "Hubert the Foundling," "The Refugee," "Blanche Bertrand," "The Artist's Bride," etc., etc. 12mo. pp. 421. Philadelphia: Hamilton & Co. New York: H. Dexter & Co. 1860.

Eleventh Annual Register of the Free Academy of the City of New York, 1859. Pamphlet, pp. 101. 1860.

The Lone House. A Poem. Partly founded on fact. By Casle Fairbanks. Pamphlet, pp. 15. Halifax: James Brown & Son. 1859.

BOOKS, ETC.

DIARY OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.
FROM 1776 AND 1777 NEWSPAPERS, AND ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS.
BY FRANK MOORE.
Will be ready for Subscribers on Tuesday next, 19th November.JUST PUBLISHED.
THE ART OF DANCING,
HISTORICALLY ILLUSTRATED.
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To which is added Hints on Etiquette, the Figure, Steps, and necessary Instructions for the Performance of the most Modern Dances. Also, 165 pages of appropriate Music for the Piano.For sale at all the Music and Bookstores in New York, Brooklyn, Williamsburg, and Jersey City. The Trade supplied on application to:
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Is now in Europe, filling orders for books, and will return in the early part of November with a fine collection of Works
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AMERICAN WATCHES

MADE BY THE

American Watch Company,
AT WALTHAM, MASS.

Attention is invited to the following statement, and the accompanying letters of recommendation and testimonials of these celebrated Watches.

A gold medal was awarded the Company by the Massachusetts Mechanical Association, 1858.

A gold medal was also awarded them by the American Institute, at New York, in 1857.

The Company also received the first premium—a gold medal—from the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, in 1855.

These watches have now been in the market for nearly ten years, during which time they have been tested as to accuracy, durability, and reliability, in every conceivable manner, and have proved themselves to be the most satisfactory timepieces ever offered to the public.

This result has been brought about by a strict application of mechanical science to the construction of the Watch from its very inception, rendering it, when finished, mathematically correct in all its proportions, and, consequently, as perfect a time-keeper as it is possible to make.

The Company have tested their watches, in many instances, by actual daily noting, and the result of this test has been that they have exhibited a rate equal in regularity to the best Marine Chronometer. The following certificates are from gentlemen who have carried their Watches with them in their daily avocations, and are, therefore, reliable indications of what may be expected from the American Watch when in ordinary active use:

Letter from Paul Murphy, the celebrated Chess Player:
New York, Oct. 26th, 1859.MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:
DEAR SIR:—The American Watch, No. 560, presented me by the New York Chess-Club, has proved to be a most reliable and accurate time-keeper—almost unnecessarily so for ordinary purposes. It is now nearly five months since it came into my possession, and during that period its variation from standard time has been but a trifle more than half a minute. The following is a record of its performance. It was set June 2d, correctly:

June 15, fast 4 seconds.	Aug. 15, fast 10 seconds.
July 1, " 6 "	Sept. 1, " 25 "
" 15, " 10 "	" 15, " 28 "
Aug. 1, " 16 "	Oct. 1, " 33 "

I give you permission to make such use of this statement as you may think proper. I am, with respect, yours truly,
PAUL MURPHY.ROBBINS, Sept. 27th, 1859.
MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:
DEAR SIR:—It gives me great pleasure to comply with your request for a report of the performance of the American watch I purchased of you Dec. 2d, 1858. It was set on that day, and its variation from true time to the 10th of February, 1859, when I let it run down, was ten seconds fast. From that time to the present, it has run with nearly perfect steadiness, having, during the eight months, remained at least seven to nine seconds fast, and this with uncommon rough usage. I can commend your manufacture in the highest terms. Yours truly,
JAMES H. CLAPP.

Firm of Clapp, Fuller & Brown, Bankers, Boston.

The following is from Mr. Porter, the well-known Marine Chronometer and Watchmaker:
Boston, Sept. 28th, 1859.MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:
DEAR SIR:—I have sold during the last year a considerable number of watches of the Waltham manufacture, and am happy to say that all of them, without exception, have fulfilled my guarantee, and have given satisfaction to the purchasers. I am, Sir, very respectfully,
GEORGE E. PORTER.CHICAGO, Ill., Sept. 27th, 1859.
MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:
DEAR SIR:—I have, at the suggestion of a number of persons, made a thorough examination of the plans of construction adopted by your Company in the manufacture of watches, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it to be simple, scientific, and eminently practical. It would be very remarkable if any single watch made on this plan should fail to be an accurately performing time-keeper. I would about as soon expect to see the sun make a hawk, as to see one of your American Watches do so. Very respectfully,
NORMAN WILSON,
Mechanical Engineer and practical Machinist.Boston, August 30th, 1859.
MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:
DEAR SIR:—I take pleasure in stating that the American Watch I have of your manufacture, performs to my entire satisfaction. I have carried it with me for the last six months, and have found it to be a most reliable and accurate time-keeper. Its time has been fully equal to that of a "Frodman," which I owned more than a year. Truly yours,
ALBERT MEYER, 65 Franklin street.Bank Room, 200 Mulberry street,
New York, Oct. 5th, 1859.
MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:
DEAR SIR:—I take great pleasure in being able to certify that for the last six months I have carried a watch from the manufacture of the American Watch Company, and that it has given perfect satisfaction as a time-keeper. Judging from the one I have, I do not hesitate to predict that the day is not far distant when watches made in the United States will supersede all others.JAMES FLOY, D.D.
New Haven, Conn., Sept. 27th.MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Esq.:
DEAR SIR:—Yours of the 23d was duly received. In reply I would say, that the American watch No. 599, has proved itself one of the best watches for railway purposes. The American watch, in my opinion, is far better than any watch I have used for the last fourteen years on railroads. I remain, respectfully yours,
G. A. FULLAN,
Conductor N. H. & N. E. R. R.

P.S.—I would refer you to Mr. Douglas, of N. Y. & N. H. R. R. He has had several of your watches, and is very much pleased with them.

NEWTONVILLE, Aug. 26th, 1859.
MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co.:
DEAR SIR:—The American Watch that I purchased of you about a year since, runs with great exactness; its variations being so slight that I have not found it necessary to set it for several months. Yours truly,
WILLIAM B. SPENCER.New York, Oct. 6th, 1859.
MR. R. E. ROBBINS, Treas. Am. Watch Co., Waltham, Mass.:
DEAR SIR:—The American Watch, No. 597A, I have carried during the past eighteen months, has fully sustained my high anticipations in regard to its performance—on how these have been proved by several of my friends during the same period. I can heartily recommend these watches as performing, in an eminent degree, the qualities of accuracy and reliability.Yours truly,
H. L. DEXTER.

Do Bro's Review, in speaking of the American Watches, says: "These watches are equal to any other manufactured in this country or in Europe. The fact is established by the accurate performance of their time-keepers, which is confirmed almost everywhere, attesting the best machine construction. Now that 17,000 American Watches are now in use, and the manufacturers claim that they have been tested more than half a dozen complete, attesting the fact of such successful management or management of the works."

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Kane Monument Association Lectures.
The Corporation of the "Kane Monument Association" take pleasure in announcing, that an opening Address to their course of Lectures will be delivered by Governor BANKS of Massachusetts, at the Academy of Music, on the EVENING of Nov. 26th, inst., commencing at 8 o'clock.The services of the following distinguished lecturers have been engaged.
Prof. O. M. MITCHELL.
Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER.
Rev. E. H. CHAPIN.
GEORGE W. CURTIS, Esq.
BAYARD TAYLOR, Esq.
Capt. W. P. LYNCH, U.S.N.

Tickets for the Course (16 Lectures), admitting a lady and gentleman, FIVE DOLLARS. Single tickets for the Course, THREE DOLLARS; and can be obtained at the Music Store of William Hall & Son, at the office of Thompson & Brown, corner of Wall street and Broadway, or of either of the Corporators.

JOHN H. WHITE, Chairman Lec. Com.
"HELP ME, CLEMENS, OR I SINK!"—Shakespeare.
HEAR WHAT THE PRESS SAY ABOUT
This Useful Invention:From the Washington Union.
A trial was made of the utility of these Watches at the Washington Navy Yard, in the presence of a board of naval officers appointed by the Secretary of the Navy, and a number of gentlemen assembled to witness the experiments. Its great superiority over every other known invention of the kind, was satisfactorily shown.From the National Intelligencer.
This Life-Preserving Watch is one of the very best, most convenient, and secure, which has yet been invented, there can be no doubt.Gen. Geo. F. Morris, in House Journal.
We cast about for a neat, safe, certain, and easily adopted Life-Preserver, and we have found it, thanks to the "Delano Life-Preserving Coat and Vest Company." This association has made us a Vest which we were compelled to brave the perils of the ocean or river, would infallibly prevent us from dying by drowning.From the Scientific American, N. Y.
Of many devices intended to preserve life, in case of accident at sea, there is probably not one which is so likely to be generally adopted as "Delano's Life-Preserving Vest."It has been adopted in the "New York Yacht Squadron."
From the Fall River Herald.
A person with one of these vests on, cannot sink if he be lost, and therefore persons travelling by steamboat and other water conveyances will find them a useful article against going to the bottom.They are quite like an ordinary vest, and cost but very little more, and may be worn in the park or the street—with one on, YOUR LIFE IS INSURED when in the water.
Made into Garments suitable for Men, Women and Children. Resoluted the location.DELANO
LIFE PRESERVING COAT AND VEST CO.,
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